

A Fawcett Publication

LASH LARUE WESTERN

SEPT
10¢
NO. 28

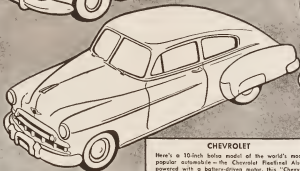
In this issue:

**THE MAN WHO
PURSUED
HIMSELF!**

HEY GANG!
LET'S BUILD THESE
ELECTRIC MOTOR POWERED
MODELS! IT'S EASY WITH
MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED
FULL SIZE PLANS!

BUICK CONVERTIBLE

Here's your chance to make this accurate 13-inch Buick model complete with seats and white wall tires! Powered with a little electric motor connected to flashlight batteries in the body, you can steer this model in any direction or make it go straight. And these full size plans are so easy to follow that even if you've never built a model you can make this snappy model. Plans cost only 25 cents, postpaid. Order Plan No. 397.



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Here's a 10-inch sedan model of the world's most popular automobile—the Chevrolet Realtime! Also powered with a battery-driven motor, this "Chevy" looks just like the real car. Building from these accurate full size plans is as easy as ABC. Plans cost only 25 cents. Send for your set today. Order Plan No. 407.

HOW TO ORDER: Send 25 cents for each plan to **MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED** Plans Service, Fawcett Building, Greenwich, Conn. Please order by name of plan and the number.

LASH LaRUE WESTERN •

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The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

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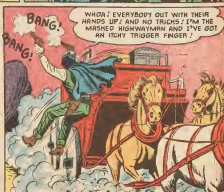
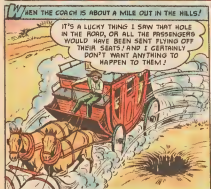
Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

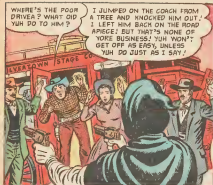
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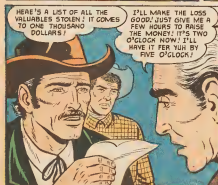
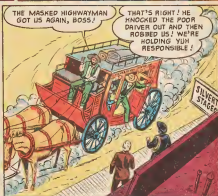


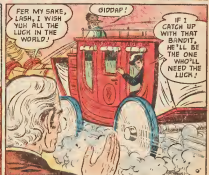
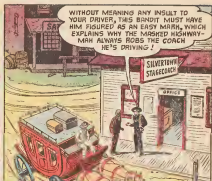
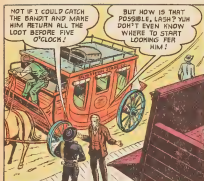
The Roving Marshal, LASH LaRUE, master of the six-shooter and the tricky bullwhip, has come up against many weird situations but none to compare with **THE MAN WHO PURSUED HIMSELF!**

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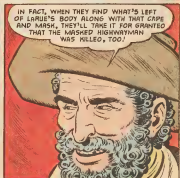
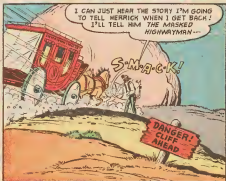
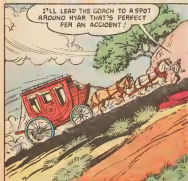


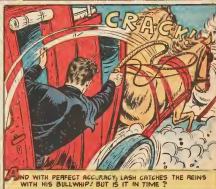
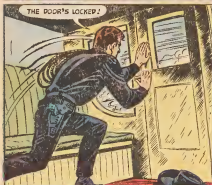


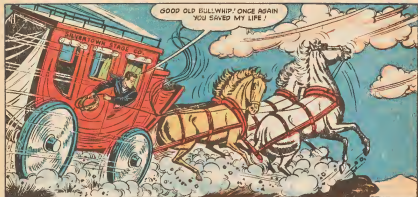


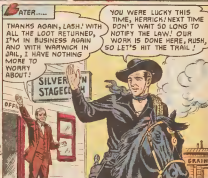












LASH LARUE

Star of Western Adventures Productions, is coming soon in KING OF THE BULLWHIP! Watch for it at your local theatre

LASH LARUE is currently playing at your local movie house in:

- ★ OUTLAW COUNTRY
- ★ SON OF BILLY THE KID
- ★ DEAD MAN'S GOLD
- ★ MARK OF THE LASH
- ★ FRONTIER REVENGE
- ★ SON OF A BAD MAN

Ask your theatre manager when he will show the next LASH LARUE picture!



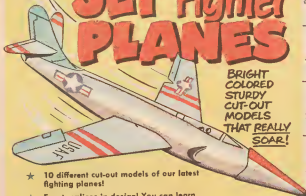
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AT NO EXTRA COST!

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COLORED
STURDY
CUT-OUT
MODELS
THAT REALLY
SOAR!



- ★ 10 different cut-out models of our latest fighting planes!
- ★ Exact replicas in design! You can learn to be a plane spotter!
- ★ Fly squadron formations—swap 'em around!
- ★ A snap to assemble! Just press 'em out—fold—and let 'em ride!
- ★ Start now! Collect the whole set!



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Lockheed F-80
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...HIS BRAIN
ISN'T PETRIFIED



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WHAT BUILDS A CHAMPION BUILDS **YOU!**

THAT'S AN
IMPORTANT
TRAINING
FACT!

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WHEAT KERNEL

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WHOLE KERNEL OF WHEAT
IN EVERY WHEATIES FLAKE!

See that wheat kernel bursting with dynamic
power? There's one of those in every
WHEATIES flake—already to spark you
every day.

IRON

ENERGY

VITAMINS

BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS

GET 8 BRAND NEW WALT DISNEY ©WALT DISNEY PRODUCTIONS

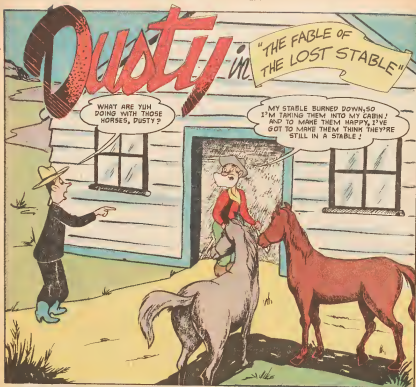
COMIC BOOKS!

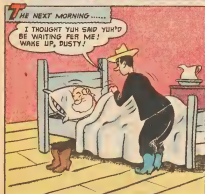
ALL FOR 15¢ AND 1 WHEATIES BOXTOP

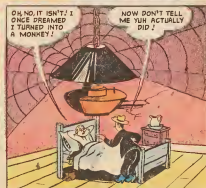
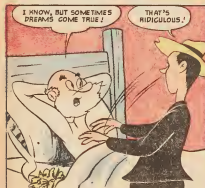
Staying
active and
color blank
fold on
Wheaties box!

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FAIR FIGHT

By Walter Farmer

HARVEY CROWN, owner of the Crown ranch, rode beside his foreman, Jeff Lariar, and ahead of the tanned-skin, gun-toting waddies who made up part of his crew.

"We'll visit those thieving nesters one at a time, and we'll give them all fair warning to leave the county in one week. After that, if they're not gone, we'll use our guns," asserted Harvey Crown.

"We're all with you, Mr. Crown," agreed Jeff. His words were sincere, not just the fawning agreement of some employees toward the boss. Jeff had great admiration and respect for Harvey Crown. At thirty, Crown was the youngest ranch owner in all the Silver River territory. He was, in fact, fifteen years younger than his foreman, Jeff Lariar. But, in the ten years since his father had died, leaving him in charge of the Crown cattle empire, young Harvey Crown had shown himself to be an able and fair administrator—and a fearless man.

A sample of his courage could be seen in his riding out now, at the head of his men, to give the warning to the nesters. Many rich ranchers, under the same circumstances, would have sent hired gunslicks out to do the dirty work for them. Harvey Crown was not like that. He was ready to meet any problem, face to face.

The problem now, was that many of the homesteaders who had staked out little farms at the edges of the sprawling Crown spread were actually small-time rustlers. Many were shiftless drifters who did not hesitate to butcher a Crown brand beef whenever they needed meat to eat or to sell.

Harvey Crown had faced up to several of these on the day's itinerary, giving them the week's warning, and all had cringed and lied before his straightforward gaze. More than one had started packing after he left.

Then Crown and his men came to the gate before Bill Kendrick's plain pine cottage. Kendrick had only a few acres. His fences were neat. His cottage, though cheap, was in good condition. Flowers grew near the door. Kendrick owned nine cows, two pigs and a

dozen chickens. He worked his land and raised vegetables. He had come from the east with his pretty wife to try to improve his lot in the west, and he had worked hard and honestly to make a living from the small portion of land that was legally his by the laws of the United States government. Long hours of work with the hoe, rake and handplow had given him bulging shoulder muscles and a deep chest.

Harvey Crown reined up his horse before the gate and called out, "Hello, the house!"

Bill Kendrick came out of the cottage door, wiping his hand across his lips. "Hello," he responded.

Crown made his speech. "You nesters have been stealing cattle. The law has done nothing about it. So I'm giving you warning right now. You've got a week to clear out. Otherwise, we'll clear you out!"

Bill Kendrick stepped out of the door and into his yard, his big farmer boots moving slowly toward the gate. He faced squarely up to the ranch owner and said, "Mr. Crown, I'm not a thief nor a liar. I have never touched your cattle. I'm a peaceful man, trying to make a living on land that is dutifully mine. You and your dozen men might as well shoot me down right now, because you are not going to scare me away. And, since you have called me a thief, I'll punch you right in the nose if you dare to get off your horse and walk into this yard!"

Jeff Lariar whipped out his Colt and trained it on Bill Kendrick, but Harvey Crown quietly ordered him: "Drop your gun, Jeff. Drop it in the dust. That goes for the rest of you men, too!" They obeyed as Harvey quietly unbuckled his own gun belt and threw it to the ground. He dismounted. He stepped easily to the gate, opened it, and entered the yard of Bill Kendrick.

"You've challenged me, and I never saw a nester I couldn't lick," said Harvey Crown. As he spoke, he let fly with a right cross that caught Kendrick on the point of the jaw and sent him reeling backward. Mrs. Kendrick, watching from the doorway, let out a scream.

Kendrick staggered, but did not fall. He charged back like a roaring bull, and gave Harvey Crown a full measure of flailing lefts and rights that reeled the ranch owner back against the fence. Kendrick drove in for the knockout blow, but Harvey came up from the fence with a sharp jab to the midsection that doubled the nester. Then Harvey cut loose with an uppercut that seemed to snap the farmer's neck.

Bloody, groggy, Kendrick still had fight left in him. His ham-like fist caught the young rancher just above the right eye, and then both gladiators collapsed in a heap.

Mrs. Kendrick, carrying a shotgun in one hand and a bucket in the other, ran to the well, got a bucket of water and ran back. She splashed the water over both men. At the same time she said, "If any of you try to go for a gun, I'll blast you."

The foreman, Jeff Lariar, chuckled. "Don't worry, Mrs. Kendrick. The boss said we should drop our guns. We do what he says, whether he's unconscious or not!"

She held the gun firmly. She didn't quite trust him. When Harvey Crown finally rose, shaking his head to get rid of the mist, he found himself facing a shotgun. He laughed out loud. Kendrick, recovering a second later, asked, "What's funny?"

Crown said, "Mister Kendrick, I'll tell you what's funny—a nester licked me!"

"I'll tell you what's even funnier," asserted Kendrick. "A cow king licked me!"

Word of the fight and the amazing double knockout spread rapidly. Many of the cattle barons were all in favor of moving at once to ride the upstart, Bill Kendrick, out of town on a rail. Meanwhile, many of the shiftless nesters had decided that Kendrick was their champion. A delegation of them went to him and suggested that he be their leader in war-ring on the cattlemen. "We can lie in ambush and pick them off one at a time with rifles," was the suggestion.

Bill Kendrick roared at them. He gave them seven seconds to get away from him with a suggestion like that. So fierce was he, that all of them cleared out with two seconds to spare. But they were bitter. Shiftless as they were, they resented Kendrick and his honesty. Still, they needed a man of his strength and courage if they were to engage in battle. They

decided to trap him, to fake evidence so that he would have to fight on their side, or be hung.

In the night, while Kendrick slept, two men came into his yard. They dug slowly, silently. When the hole was deep enough, they buried a calfskin—one that unmistakably bore the Crown brand. They slunk away. Morning came. Word was spread. It came to Jeff Lariar that Bill Kendrick had been rustling and butchering Crown stock. Jeff dutifully reported to the boss. Harvey Crown listened grimly, then rode at the head of his crew out to Kendrick's place.

Kendrick seemed surprised when he heard Jeff's accusations, but it was child's play to discover the loose earth where the calf skin with the tell-tale brand had been buried. Kendrick stood with open mouth as the hide was hauled out.

Jeff pointed his gun at Kendrick and said, "All right, Mr. Nester, this proves you are a thief, too!"

Young Mrs. Kendrick pointed her shotgun from the doorway at Jeff and said, "Drop your gun, mister! Or I'll fill you full of holes."

Bill Kendrick, himself, seemed too amazed to speak. But Harvey Crown wasn't really surprised. He barked, "Drop your guns—both of you!" Jeff obeyed, and such was the force of his words that Mrs. Kendrick allowed her shotgun to clatter down, too.

HARVEY CROWN clapped an arm around Bill Kendrick's shoulder and said, "You didn't butcher that calf, did you?"

"Why . . . no . . . I . . ."

"I believe you," said Crown, squeezing Kendrick's shoulder. "You are an honest man. We just wanted to find out if you would be willing to testify against that rustling gang the sheriff caught last night."

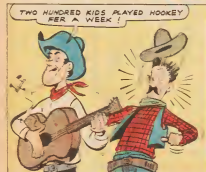
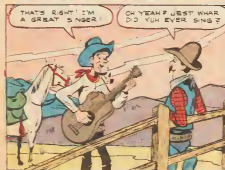
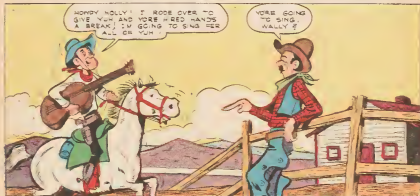
"I sure would!" said Kendrick emphatically. "They're bad hombres."

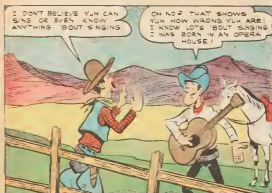
Crown looked at him, smiling. "I was far wrong when I said all nesters are thieves. You're not. And there may be others. Anyway, I want us to work together to make the west a fine place for both cattlemen and farmers. Will you shake on it?"

The two men shook hands as Jeff Lariar shook his head in astonishment, and Mrs. Kendrick smiled with happiness.

THE END

WARBLING WALLY AND HOLLY





COMING COMIC ATTRACTIONS

**LASH
LARUE
WESTERN**



10¢ SOON TO APPEAR AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND 10¢

Lash LARUE

in
BACKGROUND FOR MURDER!



WHEN YOU ENTER A MUSIC HALL YOU EXPECT TO FIND SONG AND LAUGHTER, BUT NOT MURDER! BUT THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT LASH LARUE, THE ROVING MARSHAL, DISCOVERS IN **BACKGROUND FOR MURDER!**

ONE DAY, AT THE DULCET GULCH INN ----

I TALKED TO MY BOSS, LASH, AND HE SAID FER YUH TO BRING YORE FRIEND, SQUINTY, OVER AND HE'D SEE WHAT HE COULD DO ABOUT A JOB FOR HIM!

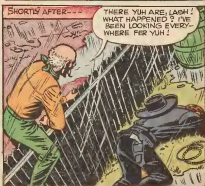
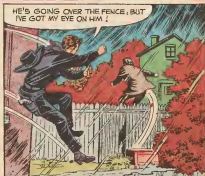
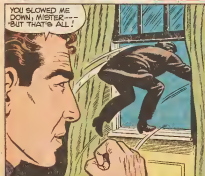
THANKS A LOT, SHAMMONS! SQUINTY'S IN HIS ROOM WAITING FOR ME! I'LL GET HIM AND BE RIGHT OVER TO THE RANCH!



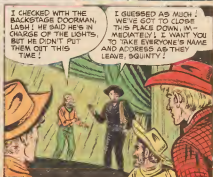
SQUINTY! NOW WHERE DID HE GO? WAIT A SECOND---I HAVE A GOOD IDEA WHERE I CAN FIND HIM!











THAT FIDDLE BELONGS TO MELODY BROWN! I'D BETTER TAKE IT AND GIVE IT TO HIS WIDOW!

THANKS, BUT UNTIL THIS CASE IS SETTLED ALL OF MELODY'S BELONGINGS GO TO THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE!



SHORTLY AFTER --

THAT'S THE LAST ONE AND AM I GLAD! MY HAND IS SURE TIED FROM WRITING ALL THOSE NAMES!

NOW YOU CAN TIRE OUT YOUR FEET! I WANT YOU TO TAKE THIS VIOLIN OVER TO THE LOCAL SHERIFF'S!



AS SQUINTY LEAVES ---

OH, I DROPPED MY HANDKERCHIEF!

ALLOW ME!



SO FAR SO GOOD! NOW TO GET OUT OF HERE!



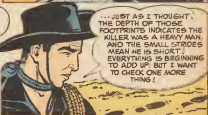
SECONDS LATER ---

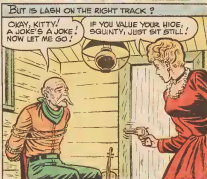
THIS KILLER DOESN'T MAKE SENSE! I CAN UNDERSTAND HIM KILLING THE CASHIER FOR THE MONEY, BUT WHY MELODY BROWN? UNLESS ---



MEANWHILE ---

FRESH MUD NEAR THE BANDSTAND. JUST A HUNCH BUT THIS MAY BE THE ANSWER! I'M GOING OUTSIDE!









AND THIS SHOULD KEEP YOU QUIET UNTIL I CAN PUT YOU BEHIND BARS!

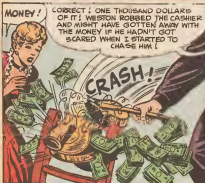


BEHIND BARS? WHAT IS THIS ALL ABOUT? I THOUGHT IT WAS A JOKE WHEN WESTON OFFERED ME THAT MONEY TO GET YOU AND THAT VIOLIN OVER TO HIS ROOM!

IT WAS NO JOKE, BUT I DON'T SEE WHY HE SHOULD HAVE MADE SUCH A FUSS OVER A WORTHLESS VIOLIN!

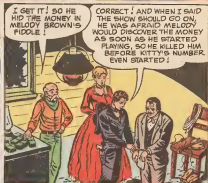


WORTHLESS? JUST WATCH!



MONEY!

CORRECT! ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS OF IT! WESTON ROBBED THE CASHIER AND MIGHT HAVE GOTTEN AWAY WITH THE MONEY IF HE HADN'T GOT SCARED WHEN I STARTED TO CHASE HIM!



I GOT IT! SO HE HID THE MONEY IN MELODY BROWN'S FIDDLE!

CORRECT! AND WHEN I SAID THE SHOW SHOULD GO ON, HE WAS AFRAID MELODY WOULD DISCOVER THE MONEY AS SOON AS HE STARTED PLAYING, SO HE KILLED HIM BEFORE KITTY'S NUMBER EVEN STARTED!



WELL, I LEARNED MY LESSON! THE NEXT TIME ANYONE OFFERS ME A CHANCE TO MAKE SOME EASY MONEY, MY ANSWER WILL BE NO!

IF YOU STICK TO THAT, KITTY, YOU'LL STAY OUT OF TROUBLE! NOW I'VE GOT TO TURN YOU AND WESTON OVER TO THE SHERIFF!



LATER ---

JUST A SECOND, LASH! LET'S GO IN AND SEE IF LULU HAS ANY TALENT!

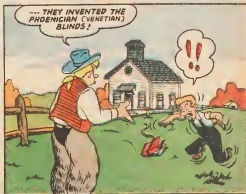
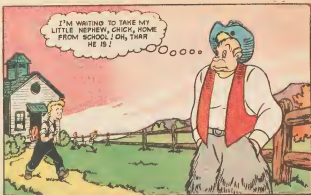
NOTHING DOING, SQUINTY! EVERY TIME YOU GET INTERESTED IN A PRETTY GIRL, YOU HAVE A TALENT FOR GETTING US INTO TROUBLE! RIGHT NOW, WE'VE GOT TO SEE A MAN ABOUT A JOB FOR YOU! LET'S GO!

FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF LASH LARUE IN HIS OWN MAGAZINE LASH LARUE WESTERN AND IN SIX-GUN HEROES!

MOLASSES MOUTH



IN THE DARK



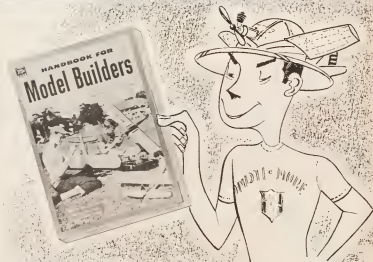


BE SURE TO HAVE
Cracker Jack

WHEN YOU GO TO THE ZOO-AMUSEMENT
PARK-CIRCUS-CARNIVAL-BALL PARK-
PICNIC-PARTY OR VACATION RESORT
IT ADDS TO YOUR FUN!



a big, new book for **MODEL BUILDERS**



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ANOTHER EXCITING "R.C."
AND **QUICKIE** ADVENTURE

"R.C." AND QUICKIE ARE WORKING AS LUMBERJACKS WHEN SUDDENLY A GIANT TREE NEARBY BEGINS TO WAVER....

CREAK!
CREAK!

WATCH IT, QUICKIE! SHE'S GETTING READY TO TOPPLE!

WOW!
LET ME OUTA HERE!

YIKES!
I'M CAUGHT!

WHA-A!
I'LL NEVER GET OUT IN TIME!

QUICKIE SPRAWLS...HOPELESSLY TANGLED IN THE BRUSH!

HANG ON, QUICKIE, I'VE GOT AN IDEA!

HELP! "R.C." HELP!

QUICK AS A FLASH, "R.C." SNAPS THE BULLDOZER FULL THROTTLE!

LIE FLAT!
DON'T MOVE!

HURRY!

"R.C." AND QUICKIE ALWAYS DRINK BEST-TASTING ROYAL CROWN COLA. THEY KNOW R.C. MAKES YOU FEEL LIKE NEW!

CRASH!

WOW!
WE'RE SAFE!

YOU DID IT!

WHEN! THAT WAS A CLOSE ONE!

YOU SAID IT! W'H, THIS R.C. MAKES ME FEEL LIKE NEW!

FOR PLenty OF EXTRA ENERGY, ENJOY COOL, REFRESHING R.C. REMEMBER! R.C. MAKES YOU FEEL LIKE NEW! AND R.C.'s BEST BY TASTE-TEST, TOO!



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THE TEEN TITANS

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Four Starfire characters of the Teen Titans